THE

UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Introduction.

THE public already burdened with visitors in "pamphlet form," will perhaps regard with suspicion THE UNDERGRADUATE, for that it brings its letter of introduction from those as little learned, and as naked of titles as its humble self. As, however, an honest man is ever esteemed, even though he brings his credentials from a knave,—the conductors of this paper hope that those into whose hands it may come, will have the candor to lay it on the table before they put it in the fire; and not until they have examined it, we hope, will they apply to us and our paper, the couplet—

"The good old proverb how this pair fulfil;
"One" *fool* "is usher to another still."

As stated in our prospectus, we favor no political party, *verbo, vel in re;* and we subjoin our reasons. At the present day, whenever an editor for the first time enters the political arena, he invariably commences with a lamentation over the "prostitution of the press;" his successors echo his plaints *neuter falso;* so that it seems, the political atmosphere, like the deadly gas found often at the bottom of wells, hurries to the same end, (viz: *corruption,*) the victim who breathes it, and the friend who comes to his relief. It is like Virgil's cave, into which many honest men enter, and yet there are no "returning tracks." Besides, we have special objection to the predominant political parties. We dislike the Masonic, because too dark; the Antimasonic, because, though luminous as the volcano, yet like it, too, while it gives vent to *hidden fires* which some imagine would eventually shake the earth, it unfortunately emits lava and hot rocks. We object to the Working-men, because they do not work. And in fine, of all the parties of the present day, it may be observed, the man that enters them with the most interest and success, loses in character as he gains in care; as he who approximates the centre of the earth loses in gravity as he sinks in dirt.

In its present form, THE UNDERGRADUATE will be issued, and will treat only of those subjects which pertain to literature. If any ask what is its object, or for what class of persons it is designed? We reply, its object is to profit those who read it, and it is designed to please those who are pleased with *any thing;* and it will contain, therefore, nearly *every thing.* If any have further inquiries in relation to its contents, they will do well to ask, from time to time, THE UNDERGRADUATE, as they will thereby secure the desired information, and we shall not by promising too much in preface, incur the risk of having our paper likened to the porch of two stories in the front of the house which boasts but one tier of windows. This much we promise our readers, that if we have occasion to speak of the "corruption of the press," we will endeavor so to conduct the periodical, that some other argument will be requisite to establish the fact, beside the appearance of our paper, and to those who coldly inquire, whether any good thing can come from a company of students, we only say, "come and see."

With regard to our first number, we remark, it contains the hasty productions of our fellow-students, prepared under the burden of College duties. When we have more leisure and more experience, by examining and pursuing subjects through a series of numbers, we hope our communications will assume the form of the *solid* rather than the *superficies.* We flatter ourselves, however, though our pieces may be deemed *superficial,* they are not *simple;* and if they do not *savor* of lore, they surely do not "*smell* of the lamp."

EDITORS.

Middlebury College.

The following article has been prepared principally for the purpose of reference, yet we doubt not the facts it contains, will be perused with interest.

In 1790, immediately after its struggle for political existence, the attention of this state was directed to the establishment of a College within its bounds; and in November of the next year, the University of Vermont was incorporated, and in each township which had not previously been chartered, a portion of land was reserved for the support of the Institution. These lands, however, being in a wild state, and consequently unproductive, nothing was done for a series of years towards putting it in operation. In the mean time, the friends of learning in other parts of the state, did not rest satisfied with this delay. Most of the people were industrious and enterprising, but not wealthy; and in sending their sons abroad to receive education, they were subjected to heavy expenses,

The interests of this section of country demanded the erection of a College. Influenced by these among other motives, the people were anxious that a literary institution should be established among them, and that speedily. Judging from the past, it was uncertain whether any effective measures would be soon taken in consequence of the charter already granted, and it was resolved in reliance on the liberality of the government and of individuals, to establish a College in this place, and put it in immediate operation. Accordingly, as early as 1798, exertions were made to obtain a charter. The first attempt failed. But in the autumn of 1800 an act of incorporation was passed, and the present East College building, having been previously erected, a course of instruction was commenced, under the superintendence of the Rev. Jeremiah Atwater. In 1809, President Atwater resigned his office here in consequence of an appointment to the Presidency of Dickinson College, Carlilse, Pennsylvania, and was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Davis, D. D. Mr. Davis continued to preside over the Institution till 1817, when having accepted a call to become the President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. he resigned, and the Rev. Dr. Bates was appointed to supply his place. The present officers of the College are, Rev. JOSHUA BATES, President; Rev. JOHN HOUGH, Professor of Languages; Rev. WILLIAM C. FOWLER, Burr-Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; EDWARD TURNER, Painter-Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; and TRUMAN M. POST, Tutor.*

In its early progress, the College was often embarrassed for want of funds. Not happening to be a favorite of the government, it never shared the public bounty. From the state it received the naked donation of its charter—the mere permission to exist, if the liberality of its friends would sustain it. And they did sustain it. Sacrifices were required, and they were freely made. The friends of learning and religion were enlisted in its favor and it was prosperous.

Though inadequately endowed and imperfectly furnished with buildings, apparatus, and library, it soon acquired a respectable rank among the minor Colleges of our country. Aside from many others who have been liberal benefactors of this Institution, it is pre-eminently indebted to three individuals—the Hon. Gamaliel Painter, Gen. Arad Hunt, and Joseph Burr, Esq. for the patronage which they have extended to it. The first of these gentlemen made the College his residuary legatee: giving it, except some annuities and legacies, his entire estate, which aside from these reservations amounted to $13,000. From the second, the Institution received a donation of 5000 acres of land, in the township of Albany, in this state. From this, however, it has derived no profit till the present year; the title having been the subject of a protracted litigation. Mr. Burr, by the liberal bequest of $12,000, founded the professorship which bears his name. By these and other smaller donations, the Institution is in a measure relieved from the embarrassments under which it formerly labored.

The first commencement was held August, 1802. The classes though small at first, continued to increase in size during Mr. Atwater's continuance in office, and soon after the appointment of Dr. Davis, the Institution numbered more than one hundred members. Such was the state of things at this period, that of those who received a liberal education, many from New-Hampshire, some from Maine and Massachusetts, and almost all from the middle and southern parts of our own state, were graduated at this College. But the change in the character of Dartmouth College, the establishment of a flourishing Institution at Amherst, and the new energy infused into the friends of Williams College, have operated to diminish the number of those connected with this Seminary. For two or three years past, however, the number has been increasing; and the names of ninety-six are now on our catalogue. Of the 509 alumni who have gone out from this Institution, 226 have been preachers of the Gospel, and nine of those have been missionaries to the heathen. One is a President and thirteen have been Professors in different colleges. Many have engaged successfully in the professions of law and medicine, and some have arisen to distinction in civil life. A large number also have been and now are engaged in teaching.

Immediately after the establishment of the College, the *Philomathesian Society* was formed among the students, for the purposes of mutual improvement. At its meetings which are held on Wednesday of every week during term time, compositions are read and a question discussed

*The names of all who have presided over the College, since its foundation, are mentioned above. Those who have filled the different professorships, in preceding years, are:—*Professors of Law*, Daniel Chipman, A. M. and Nathaniel Chipman, LL. D.; *Prof. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*, Frederick Hall, A. M.; *Prof. Greek and Latin Languages*, Oliver Hulburd, A. M., Solomon M. Allen, A. M., and Robert B. Patton, A. M.; *Prof. Sacred Theology*, John Hough, A. M. The *Tutors*, were, Messrs. Joel Doolittle, Samuel Swift, Experience Porter, Thomas A. Merrill, Walter Chapin, Frederick Hall, Allen Greeley, Oliver Hulburd, Richard Hall, Ira Bascom, William Goodell, Horace Conant, Joel H. Linsley, Samuel S. Davis, Solomon M. Allen, Eleazer Barrows, Otto S. Hoyt, Reuel Keith, Holden Rhodes, Daniel Hemenway, Robert B. Patton, Franklin Sherrill, Henry Howe, Jona. C. Southmayd, Justus W. French, Heman Rood, Josiah F. Goodhue, Edward Turner, Luther G. Bingham, John Stevens, Edwin Hall, and Henry Smith.

by members previously appointed. The Society was incorporated in 1822, and has now a Library of 1050 volumes. In 1804, a number of pious students formed themselves into a society, to be known by the name of the *Philadelphian Society*, to include only those who professed a hope in Christ, and whose object should be, "to promote among its members a knowledge of divine things." This Society has, we believe, been the means of much good in College. By the investigation of religious subjects and the other exercises of its weekly meetings, it has operated not only to enlighten the understanding, but also to warm and animate the heart, and bind still closer to each other, those whose motives and prospects are the same. The Society has a library of above 300 volumes and a large number of valuable periodicals. In 1813, the *Beneficent Society* was formed for the purpose of providing students who are unable to purchase, the necessary text books. This Society have now a collection of 850 volumes, which are loaned to indigent students, and to members of the Society, free of charge. By this means, much of the expense attending the acquisition of a liberal education, has been removed. In 1823, under the direction of Prof. Patton, the *Philological Society* was formed, in order to facilitate the prosecution of classical studies among the students. The Society's library now contains 800 volumes, and is very valuable.

Another prominent feature in the history of the College, is the series of revivals which it has enjoyed. Indeed, so frequent have they been, that it has been said, no class has ever left College without witnessing a revival. The first special excitement on the subject of religion ever experienced in town, occurred in 1802, when the church here was increased from 30 members to 80. In 1805 and '6, the friends of the Institution were encouraged by the evident blessing of Heaven upon this subject of their solicitude and prayers. In the years 1809, and 1811, also, were enjoyed seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It was during this last mentioned year, that Parsons experienced those inward conflicts which gave a bias to his after life, and prepared him for that sphere of usefulness for which Providence had designed him. It was at this time that with the beloved classmate who was to be the companion of his travels, he first began to cherish that missionary spirit which left him only with his latest breath. The next year a revival was enjoyed in this town, but did not extend its influence to the College. 1814 and 1816, were seasons of peculiar interest; Many of the students were hopefully converted and their influence secured on the side of truth. In 1818—again in 1825, also, Christians were awakened to a sense of their duty, and many who had before lived for time merely, were induced to direct a portion of their thoughts to things which lie beyond the grave. Since the last mentioned time, there has been no general attention to the subject of religion. During the last spring a most interesting work commenced in the Female Seminary, in this village, and its influence extended in a measure to the College. The attention of a number was arrested, and two in the judgment of charity were turned from the love and service of sin to serve the Lord. Of the present state of feeling we forbear to say any thing. Were the Savior to direct a message to us, we doubt not he would say as he did to the Church of Ephesus, "I have somewhat against thee."

In closing this imperfect sketch, we will add in regard to the present state of the Institution, that in addition to the building already mentioned, there was one erected in 1814, of granular limestone, 106 feet long and 40 feet wide, containing 48 rooms for students. Besides the libraries belonging to the different societies, the College nas a library containing 2122 volumes. A Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, sufficient for all the purposes of experiment and illustration, have been obtained, together with a very handsome collection of minerals. During the last year a Mechanical Association was formed for the purpose of obtaining regular exercise. It has in its possession a good shop well furnished, and is now in the full tide of successful experiment. In short, at no time since its establishment, have the prospects of the College been more flattering. EDS.

To the Polar Star.

I.

Sweet Cynosure! Far fix'd in spotless fields
Of Northern ether, thou hast ever hung,
While hands and harps that hymn'd thee long unstrung
Have felt time's grasp, and 'neath the scythe he wields
Have sought their dust original, and lie
Frail subjects of the sentence "thou shalt die."

II.

Still thou surviv'st; lone star!—still swim'st sublime,
High o'er the regions of the polar night;
And by thy steady beams as cold as bright,
Thou seem'st a way-mark to the sons of time;
As thou didst rest secure above the change,
That wheels and trembles through creation's range.

III.

Say:—Wert thou present when the morning stars
First sang their Maker? Or didst thou begin
Thy kindly office when obscured by sin
Thy sister spheres shone dimly; and the jars
Of discord boomed in hateful thunders through
Their orbits bedded in eternal blue?

IV.

I cease to question:—Oh! I envy thee,
Thy home, the wide expanded north:—thy throne,

Boreal light coruscant:—thou, alone,
Robed in the mantle of sublimity;
Viewst busy worlds all wilder'd and deranged;
Thyself unchanging ever and unchanged.

V.

Emblem of truth, of virtue and of love;
Though oft obscured by that unearthly light,
Which darts wild beauty o'er the clouds of night;
Unmoved, unmingled, from thy dome above,
Thy silver rays in pure irradiance glow
As all unconscious of the mists below.

VI.

Nor dost thou shine in vain. While far at sea
The storm-beat sailor, toss'd without a guide,
Oft flings his treach'rous compass to the tide,
And trusts himself to Providence and thee.
By thy true light the proud ship rights again,
Luffs to the gale and stems the rugged main.

VII.

Sweet star, farewell!—If soon this heart should lie
All cold and icy, as the northern wild
Which first imbibes thy ray;—thou who beguil'd
My life's lone thoughts, shine o'er me when I die,
And from the fitful gloom of darkness save
The form that nightly sits in sorrow by my grave.

FLORIAN.

The Taste of the Age.—No. I.

"Nunc itaque et versus, et cetera ludicra pono:
Quid verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum." *Horace.*

PARAPHRASED.

Come! lay aside your vain and silly rhymes,
And all the foolish nonsense of the times;
For in this tasteless trash you ne'er can find,
Aught to improve, or to instruct the mind.

THE present age seems pretty well agreed in the opinion that the great object of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are the fashionable books, that the reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, while he must seek elsewhere for information. He cannot derive information from such books as are at present palmed upon the public by authors, who either have not the souls of the great geniuses of other times, or who are held in subjection to the reigning taste, because they have not sufficient courage to neglect it, and in its stead to cultivate the more ancient. But letters were surely intended for a more noble and profitable purpose. They were intended to instruct men in something which would be either subservient to their interests or to their happiness. But how are they misused. They are now employed only for fictitious nonsense; and to such a degree has the taste become corrupt, that an author thinks he has arrived at perfection, if he can produce some foolish novel to excite the laughter, or to suit the palates of his credulous readers. O tempora! O mores!

I do not mean that all humorous and fictitious writing ought to be abandoned; nor that the grave, the serious, and the argumentative ought only to be cultivated. But I do say that these airy kinds of writing ought to be intermixed with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and, for this purpose, they have been used by many authors of noted celebrity. But the writings of the present day are not calculated to furnish information of any kind. They are like those beautiful corruscations, which can be seen in the heavens after the sun has withdrawn his dazzling splendor, which, though they delight the fancy for a moment, soon vanish and leave not a single gleam to entertain it longer. They delight the fancy, but do not instruct the mind; they dazzle for a moment, but do not produce any lasting impression. Such is the general character of the writings of our effeminate age.

I am not opposed to wit provided it is tempered with prudence and morality. "For why," says Horace, "should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance? Ridicule," he continues, "is commonly a stronger and better manner of attacking vice, than the severer kinds of satire." When wit and humor are so blended together as to form one compound; when they are united in something useful and profitable; when they are divested of every thing that is obscene, and are employed to represent vice in as odious a light as possible; it is then, indeed, that they are used for the right purpose, and will not fail to produce an effect at once salutary and lasting. It is the natural bent of the mind to inculcate the maxims of a great author; and how important it is, therefore, that he should guard against every thing that has a tendency to vitiate and corrupt the understanding. He should endeavor to incite us to virtue by representing vice as odious and contemptible. It is in this way that he can contribute to the happiness of his species, and promote the cause of virtue and piety. The author who does this ought always to be spoken of as the great benefactor of mankind, and is well deserving of a double immortality.

But neither wit nor humor of any kind characterize the writings of the present day. They are formed of slender materials: that is to say, they have neither the power of improving nor instructing the understanding; but they are rather fitted for the purpose of pleasing and entertaining the fancy.

Diversion should always be made a secondary consideration in the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body; for if it does not at the same time contribute to our health and wisdom, it will be of no avail to us at any future period of our lives. If we seek only for our present gratification; if we indulge ourselves in reading what will afford us no profit; if we are perfectly regardless of every thing useful, and lay not up stores to supply our future wants; we must expect ere long to be

dashed on the quicksands of error, where we shall have abundant time to lament our folly and our heedless indifference. What should we say to a man who spent his time in chasing the gaudy butterfly, or in fighting with his own shadow for amusement only? What should we say to him who plucks the leaves of a tree to eat, when there is a plenty of fruit hanging from the branches? Surely we should think that he employed himself foolishly, and cared but little for his own good or happiness. This is the case with many of our modern readers. They employ themselves in reading our modern novels, which are but ill calculated to improve the mind, and store it with knowledge. But novels will be the subject of one of our subsequent numbers.

We ought only to read great and good authors; and while we are reading them, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well laid up in the mind, will be of avail to us hereafter, and which will afford us consolation in the calm hours of reflection, or in the sober seasons of melancholy. We should remember that we can derive from the learned and instructive lessons of philosophy that comfort and utility which can never be found in the works of fiction or romance. It has always appeared strange to me that the scribblers and wits of our age should find readers, while the excellent writings of sages and philosophers, should be either little attended to, or totally neglected.

The truth, I am afraid, is, that true taste is a quality with which the generality of mankind are but slenderly gifted. Taste may be defined, says Blair, "The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art." It has been defined differently by different authors; and such have been the difficulties in attaching a correct meaning to this simple word, that those who have attempted to explain it to others have succeeded only in convincing us that they knew it not themselves. But if I may be allowed to express my own sentiments concerning taste, I should define it a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; without having it depend entirely on either of these qualities of the mind, but on them jointly. I have observed that men, who have been gifted with a fine imagination and a sound judgment, have always preferred to read books in which fancy and reason were made subservient to each other; and on this account, they have been able at the same time to derive pleasure with improvement. But it is the duty of the rhetorician to discern the qualities of a correct taste—to ascertain those faculties of the mind on which it depends, and to lay down rules by which it can be cultivated. We would not entangle ourselves in the mazes of logic, nor enter into the profound speculations of metaphysics.

We would only observe with regard to the reigning taste that the generality of readers are too apt to confine themselves to works of fiction, while they neglect those books which are calculated to improve the mind, and store it with knowledge. Whether this results from a love of novelty, or from a stupid insensibility, we will not attempt to determine. Suffice it to say that persons of effeminate minds had much rather skim over the pages of a novel than enter into the profound researches of science and philosophy. I would conclude with the words of a distinguished writer, who, in speaking of England, observes, "Taste is over with us; and another century will sweep our empire, our literature, and our name, from all but a place in the annals of mankind." May then the star of American literature shoot from the horizon to the upper skies, and may it dazzle the world with its brightness.

GLENZIE.

To J. A. * *

"Joy to thee, beautiful and bashful Bride!"

Joy to thee, joy to thee, Lady!
Soft blushes become thee to-night;
Those blushes are mantling already
What before was too dazzlingly white.

The *jewel* that kisses thy finger,
Though it sparkle so brilliantly there;
Though a Shah or a Sultan might linger,
To gaze on thy gem-studded *hair;*

Though brighter than *that* even flashes
The deep azure glance of thine eye;
And softer than *this* be the lashes,
Set for a screen to its beauty;

Yet fairer than these are the days,
All hearts to thy dowry have given;
Brighter even than dreams of the Fays,
Or Peris unfallen from Heaven.

* * * * * * * *

1.

I saw a boat, a gilded boat
Launch forth upon the sea;
The mellow horn its bugle-note
Rang out right merrily.
The scented breath of breezy morn
The sleeping waters stirred;
Alternate with the pausing horn,
Glad voices, too, were heard.

2.

And all along the crowded strand,
White kerchiefs waved in air,
As that gay bark shot out from land,
Freighting the brave and fair.
The sun was up—his opening eye
Glanced sparkling on the waves;
The Triton hosts came sportingly,
From out their coral caves.

3.

I see the boat, the gilded boat,
Glide o'er the ruffled ocean,

She seemeth both to fly and float,
So softly swift her motion.
And Joy leaps lightly on the prow,
And Pleasure at his side;
And rosy Love, with loosened bow,
Doth steer them through the tide.

4.

And Laughter loud his shout doth ring,
And Mirth with twinkling feet;
While Music's sweetest daughters sing
The Moslem Ziraleet.*
Oh, pageant fair! Oh, gallant train!
With hearts of feathery lightness!
Doth yon red cloud no storm contain,
To quench the solar brightness?

5.

Where is your track's sure compass-guide,
The dubious port to gain?
And will that fragile helm abide
The heavings of the main!
When sweeping from the captious pole,
The boreal tempest flies;
When heaven's tremendous thunders roll,
And lightnings sheet the skies;

6.

When upward to the stellar height,
You climb the billows' swell;
And lash'd by more than Neptune's might,
The madd'ning waters yell;
Amid that elemental war,
When ocean yawns beneath,
Will Venus' pale, affrighted star,
Point through the gaping death?

7.

So, on the troublous sea of life,
When dark afflictions lower;
When sorrow's sluices all are rife,
And pour the briny shower;
One only star no clouds obscure,
A pure and radiant gem;
There is but one true cynosure,
The Star of Bethlehem.

8.

When on that sea's extremest verge,
The shallop-boat doth reel,
Eternity's first ocean-surge
Heaving the parting keel;
Finish'd the voyage—the reckoning told,
In one brief "*Ichabod;*"
Woe to the wretch that hath no hold
Upon the Christian's God! ALGERNON.

* *Song of rejoicing.*

The Mermaid.

THE mind's keenest spur is curiosity. Nothing else so rouses and incites it. Present the torpid mind with some curious or novel plan, and its energies are at once awake. Tell the leaden-eyed rustic over whose neglected fields thistles and thorns are waving, of some curious cavern hid in rocks of the beetling precipice, and he is alive and ready for action. Let some uncommon sound fall on the shepherd's ear as he drowses in the cooling shade, careless of his bleating flock, and he starts up and pursues the sound as it flies. The mariner sees some phantom of the mind flitting across the deep, he sends his imagination forth and gives it form, bone and sinew. Its shape is distinctly seen and its voice clearly heard. We are inclined to believe it is to some such curious workings of the mind that the Mermaid owes its existence. But if an animal does exist combining in one, the forms of fish and man, it is probable the same as was described by the ancients. In some respects the ancient and modern descriptions agree. It is either the offspring of the Sirens, who could hold with their charming songs all their auditors—except the hardy Ulysses—till they perished with hunger; or from the race of Tritons, who are represented as sea deities, half man and half dolphin. Or it may be from those sea deities who are pictured as young and handsome virgins, sitting on dolphins, holding in one hand Neptune's trident, and in the other, a garland of flowers.

The modern Mermaid or Merman, could not have sprung from the woman-fish of Santos or the Musagne of the Pelew Islands, which was sixteen feet long and twelve in circumference. Its name is derived from the French *mer* and *maid;* we should construe it, maid of the sea. It is partial to no clime. Desbes says that in 1670, one stood near the shore of the Faroe Islands, for two hours and a half, in sight of many inhabitants, with long hair and holding a fish in its right hand. A Newfoundlander says, that he observed a mermaid coming directly towards him, while in his boat—that the features of its face were those of a perfect female—with a countenance beautiful and cheerful. It swam close to his boat, laid hold of it with both hands and would have entered unless repelled by a club. Mr. Munroe affirms that in 1797, he observed at Reay, in the north of Scotland, a figure like a female sitting on a rock projecting into the sea. Its head was covered with long brown hair; the forehead was round and plump the cheeks ruddy, the mouth and lips resembled those of a human being; the eyes were blue; the arms, and fingers were as large as those of a full grown female. This creature was in the act of combing its hair, which seemed to afford it pleasure. In 1811, one was seen on another coast of Scotland. A peasant made oath that at Cambleton his attention was attracted by a curious object on a rock. By stealth he crept among the rocks till within 12 or fifteen feet of it. The upper part was white resembling the human form and tapered gradually until it terminated like a fan twelve or fifteen inches broad. For two hours its hands were engaged in stroking back its hair and washing its breast. In 1819 a creature appeared on the coast of Ireland about the size of a girl of ten or fifteen years of age, having a profusion of long dark brown hair, and full dark eyes. The hands and arms were formed like those of mans with a slight web connecting the fingers which were employed in throwing back and dividing

the hair. And the lower part appeared like a dolphin. This creature remained washing on the rocks for more than an hour, when frightened by the flash of a musket, it plunged with a scream into the sea. Capt. Colnett relates that in the South Seas, when far from land, an animal arose beside the ship, and uttered shrieks and lamentations, so much like those proceeding from a female, as to occasion great alarm. They continued for above three hours, and seemed to increase as the ship withdrew.

Had but one man seen this curious creature, we should have been with regard to it, as with regard to ghosts, stubborn unbelievers.—But can it be possible that this is only a marine elf enjoying merely an ideal existence, while it has been seen and described by so many in different countries, each ignorant of the other's statement? Is it propable that the imagination of the Scotch, English, Irish, Icelander, and American, would have invested these roving spectres with the same form and features? Had we never seen one of the race of Monkies—those ingenious counterfeits of man—we might have been equally incredulous with regard to their existence. Yet they do exist, and from the same kind of evidence, we are inclined to believe that the mermaid is not a mere vision of the mind. Some propitious tide may yet throw one of these upon our shore and set speculation forever at rest. Then, and not till then, shall we be *fully* convinced that the mermaid is numbered among the works of God.

EXPLORATOR.

A Burial at Sea.

"No later friendships can erase
"The impressions of our early days."

THE attachments of early life seem to be peculiarly dear to a man through all his after years. They grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength; and when, after a long interval of years, we look back upon them, a halo seems thrown around them, and some undefinable illusion consecrates them to unending remembrance. There was one, whom I once called by the sacred name of friend, but who has long been sleeping in an ocean grave, whose character I ever admired, and whose memory I cannot cease to cherish. An early predilection for the sea, had induced him while yet a boy, to forsake his home, a home where he enjoyed every reasonable pleasure that affluent and indulgent parents could command, to endure the hardships, and brave the dangers, incident to a sailor's life. He had been several years engaged in it, and had risen rapidly in the esteem of his officers, when, a few days after leaving a port where the yellow fever, raged he was taken with the dreadful disease and soon died. I nursed him, and was indeed almost the only one with whom he had any intercourse, during his illness. Conscious that his last hour was not far off, he gave me several affectionate messages to his parents, brothers, and sisters, and "when I die," said he, "let the flag of my country be my winding sheet." He cast, through a window which opened near his birth, a long and straining look over the waters, in the direction of his native land. But that land he never saw again; Ere another hour had passed, he was dead. This was about noon, and towards evening, as appearances indicated a coming gale, his corse was brought upon the deck, to receive the last, sacred rites, that friendship could perform, wrapt as he had requested it should be, in the stars aud stripes.

The crew gathered around with melancholy countenances, and as the funeral service was read, sublime and affecting under any circumstances, but rendered more so at this time, by the deep, moaning sound of the long, and, as yet, surgeless swell; and the darkness which was fast gathering, like a pall, over the sky; tears were seen flowing freely down the cheeks of many a veteran tar.

"We consign the body of our departed brother to the deep!" was at length uttered, and in another moment, there was nothing of our comrade left to us—save the remembrance of what he had been.

Sleep, sailor sleep! the sounding deep,
Is now thy place of rest,
Sweeter to thee, that grave will be,
Than one in earth's cold breast.

The banner 'round thy corse is bound,
Stars o'er thy breast are laid,
But they shed not a light so pure and bright,
As the noble soul that's fled.

That banner has stream'd where sabres gleam'd
And wav'd in victory proud,
But it look'd not then so bright as when
It form'd the sailor's shroud.

D.

Items of News.

The legislature of this commonwealth convened at Montpelier, the 14th current; and after thirty-one ballotings re-elected SAMUEL C. CRAFTS, Esq. Governor, and after three ballotings chose MARK RICHARDS, Esq. Lieut. Governor. The veteran BENJAMIN SWAN, was elected Treasurer by the people. The House of Assembly was organised by appointing ROBERT B. BATES, Esq. Speaker. And the legislature have since chosen SAMUEL PRENTISS, Esq. Chief Justice of the State, to be Senator in Congress, to succeed Judge Chase.—The Governor's Message recom-

mends the abolition of imprisonment for debt, (which measure will probably carry);—calls attention to the grand subject of education; and urges the importance of increasing facilities of conveyance and cheapening the cost of transportation of the heavy products of our state, by some improvements leading to the great markets. In respect to schools, his Excellency has the following, among other remarks, which may be pondered by some of our number: "The mode of instruction adopted in our common schools, and, in some degree, in those of a higher order, is directed more to the improvement of the faculties, than to form and fix the character of our youth. To qualify them to perform the high and responsible duties of freemen, our youth, in addition to the usual course of instruction, should be instructed, also, in the principles of our free institutions, in the social relations and duties, in a love of country, of order, morality, religion," &c.

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A Convention of distinguished literary gentlemen, from various parts of the United States, called by the Trustees of the New-York University, has just closed a most interesting session of some days in that city. And we are right glad to see that provision is made for another meeting, embracing scientific gentlemen and the patrons of literature throughout our country; and that the first steps have been taken for establishing "*A National Society for the Promotion of Science and Literature.*"——The Rev. President Bates, of Middlebury College, was appointed President of the Convention, and the Hon. Albert Gallatin of Pennsylvania and the Hon. Walter Bowne of New-York, Vice Presidents. Among the subjects proposed for discussion, were—the system of instruction in European Universities, and its adaptation to our own Seminaries; the best modes of dicipline, with the distribution of honors, &c. and whether such discipline should be exercised by the faculty or shared in a degree with the students; the advantages and disadvantages of instruction by public lectures, and by recitations from text books; whether any religious services and course of instruction upon the evidences of Christianity, should be connected with a University; the importance of making the institutions of our country the subject of special study; &c. &c. Addresses, of great ability and interest were made by Mr. Gallatin, Hon. Edward Livingston of Louisana, Mr. Sparks and Dr. Lieber of Boston, Dr. Coley of London, Prof. Perdicari from Greece, Prof. Silliman and Mr. Woodbridge of Connecticut, Prof. Patton of New-Jersey, Rev. Dr. Wainwright of New-York, Pres't Mason of Geneva College, Pres't Bates of Middlebury College, Pres't Marsh of the University of Vermont,—and by many other gentlemen. These highly auspicious meetings will perhaps be referred to hereafter, and more at length.

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It may not be generally known that a Congress of European literati has been annually held in some large town of Austria, for seven or eight years—chiefly for the discussion of subjects connected with Chemistry, Natural History, Astronomy, and Medicine. The meetings at first embraced only *savans* from the German states: but at the recent session held in Berlin, nearly every kingdom of Europe was represented, and the Congress numbered above three hundred members. The celebrated Baron Humboldt presided over the Convention. After a meeting of the whole body in the morning, the chemical philosophers moved to a spacious apartment, where they had a memoir or experiments, the astronomers occupied another room, where they also had appropriate lectures from some distinguished professors, the physiologists had a third apartment, the botanists a fourth, and so on. In the evenings, brilliant *soirees* were given by the nobility, &c.

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It appears by the late census that the population of the city of New-York amounts to 200,942; in the year 1790 it was only 33,022. Boston now contains 61,000 inhabitants; Philadelphia, 170,000; Baltimore, 81,000; and Washington city, 18,883.—The census of Addison County gives a population of 24,563, and shows a gain in the last ten years of 4,415. The town of Middlebury has 3387 inhabitants; and this village (which is the second, we believe, in the state in point of size and business) has above 2000.

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Upon the receipt of news of the election of Gov. Crafts, in Danville, a cannon was brought out for the purpose of firing a salute. After some twenty discharges, the piece burst and killed a Mr Benj. West and a Mr Nathaniel Chamberlin, and wounded two others.

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The Rev. Joel Fisk of Monkton, was last Tuesday, installed as Pastor over the Congregational Church and Society in New-Haven. The services of installation commenced with Prayer, by Rev. J. Bushnell, of Cornwall; the Sermon was preached by Rev. C. Yale of Charlotte, from Acts, xi. 19—24; the installing Prayer offered by Rev. T. A. Merrill, of Middlebury; Charge to the Pastor by Rev. A. Lovell, of Vergennes; the Fellowship of the Churches was expressed by Rev. Mr. Francis, of Benson; Charge to Church and Society by Rev. D. O. Morton, of Shoreham; Concluding Prayer by Rev. S. Morgan; and the Benediction pronounced by the Pastor elect.

DIED, In Burlington, Francis Child, Esq. aged 67—Editor of the first daily paper in New-York. – In Essex, Dr. Harmon Howe, 37. – In Whitehall, N. Y. Dr. Almon Green. – In Shoreham, Miss Lucretia Hunt, æt. 17. – In Weybridge, Samuel Jewett, Esq. one of the first settlers of the town, aged 70. – In Castleton, Mr John Whitlock, 59. – In Kingston, Mrs Letitia, consort of Rev. Prince Jenny. – In Weathersfield, Capt. John Sherwin, a soldier of the revolution, 72. – In Townshend, Mr Stephen Rawson, 87. His wife died in March last. – In Chelsea, Capt. Asa Dearborn, 75. – In Montpelier, by suicide, Schuyler Murdock, Esq. of Whitingham. – In Brandon, Mrs Lydia C. wife of Dea. J. Powers. – In Bennington, (thrown from a wagon) Capt. Alonzo B. Stiles. – In Thetford, Robert Forrest. – In Windsor, Mrs Roxana, wife of Mr Urias Damon. – In Whitingham, Amasa Shumway.

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We are obliged, just now, to print the Undergraduate on poor paper. It will shortly appear in a *white* jacket.